

ENGLISH BARDS,  
AND  
**SCOTCH REVIEWERS,**  
A Satire.

---

BY LORD BYRON.

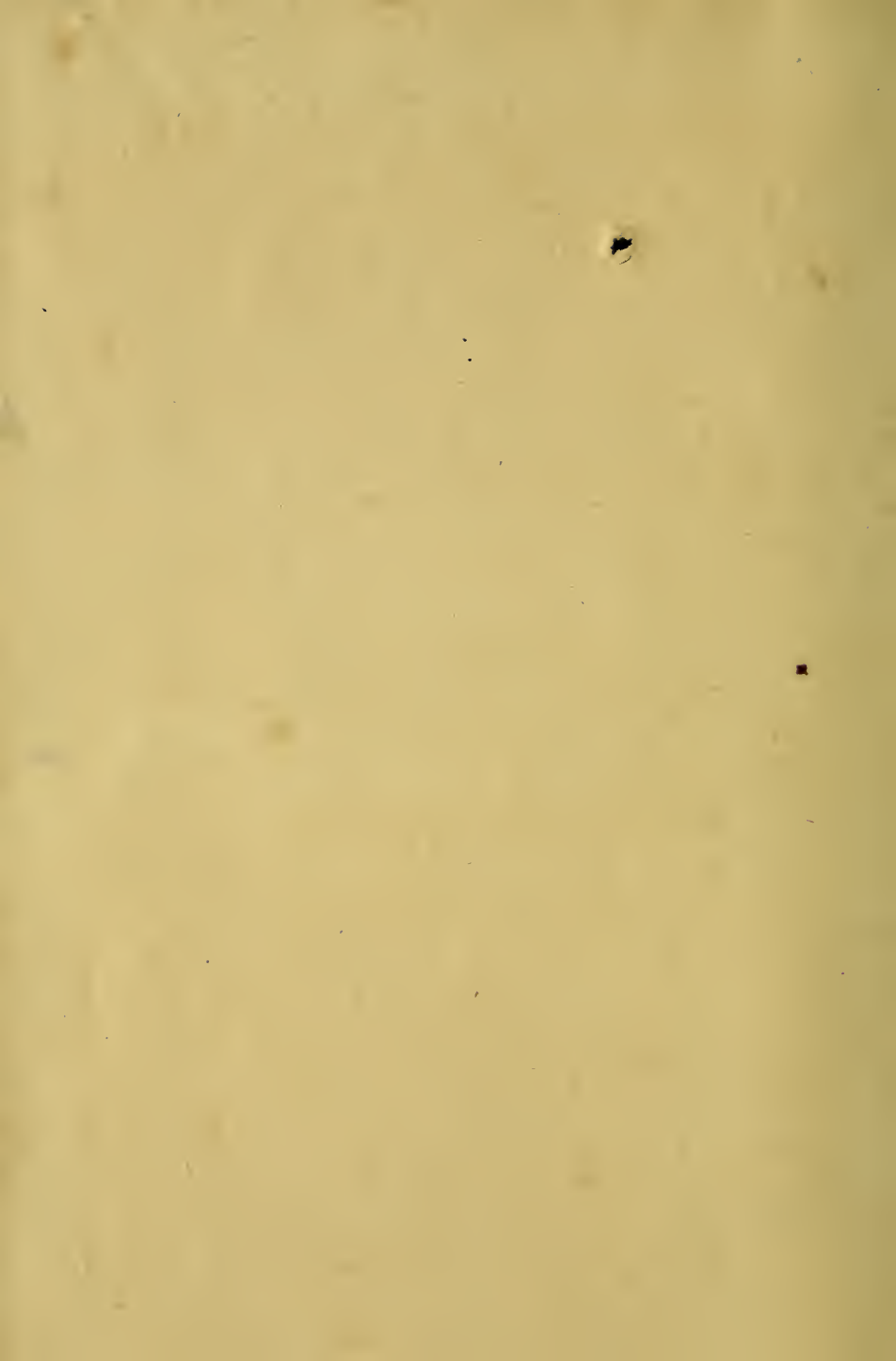
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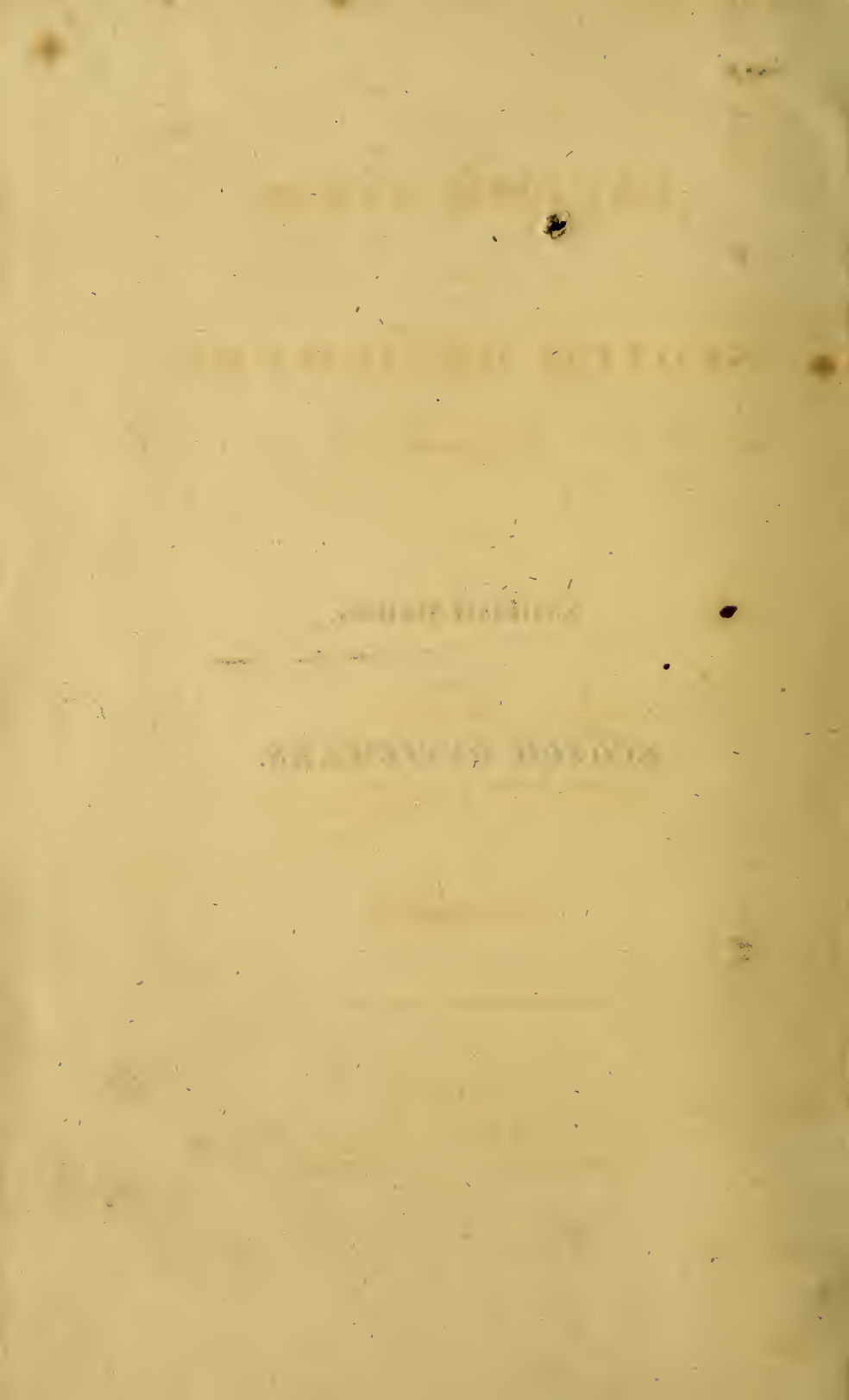
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AND  
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**AND**  
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**A Satire.**

---

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**LORD BYRON.**

---

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.  
Shakspeare.  
Such shameless bards we have ; and yet, 'tis true,  
There are as mad abandoned critics too.  
Pope.

**A NEW EDITION.**

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## PREFACE.

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ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be “turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain,” I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by Reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say, that I have attacked *none personally* who did not commence on the offensive. An Author’s works are public property; he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the Authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them; I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, *if possible*, to make others write better.

As the Poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this Edition to make

some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the First Edition of this Satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written and inserted at the request of an ingenious friend of mine, who has now in the press a volume of Poetry. In the present Edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being, that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner---a determination not to publish with my name any production which is not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the Author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are over-rated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable pos-

session of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured, renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the Author, that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure; but Mr. Gifford has devoted himself to Massinger; and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in case of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered, as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming. As to the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, it would, indeed, require a Hercules to crush the Hydra; but if the author succeeds in merely "bruising one of the heads of the serpent" though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.



ENGLISH BARDS,  
AND  
SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

---

STILL must I hear?---shall hoarse *Fitzgerald* bawl \*  
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,  
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch Reviews  
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my Muse?  
Prepare for rhyme---I'll publish, right or wrong,  
Fools are my theme, let Satire be my song.

---

\* IMITATION.

"Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne reponam

"Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?"---JUV. SAT. 1.

Mr. Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett "The Small Beer Poet," inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the Literary Fund; not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.



Oh, Nature's noblest gift---my grey goose-quill !  
 Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,  
 Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,  
 That mighty instrument of little men !  
 The pen ! foredoom'd to aid the mental throes  
 Of brains that labour, big with Verse or Prose !  
 Though Nymphs forsake, and Critics may deride,  
 The Lover's solace, and the Author's pride.  
 What Wits---what Poets dost thou daily raise !  
 How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise !  
 Condemn'd at length to be forgotten quite,  
 With all the pages which 'twas thine to write.  
 But thou, at least, mine own especial pen !  
 Once laid aside, but now resumed again,  
 Our task complete, like Hamet's \*, shall be free ;  
 Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by me :

---

\* Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen in the last chapter of Don Quixote. Oh, that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli !

Then let us soar to-day; no common theme,  
No Eastern vision, no distemper'd dream  
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain ;  
Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'reign sway,  
And men, through life her willing slaves, obey ;  
When Folly, frequent harbinger of Crime,  
Unfolds her motley store to suit the time ;  
When Knaves and Fools, combined, o'er all prevail ;  
When Justice halts, and Right begins to fail,  
E'en then the boldest start from public sneers,  
Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,  
More darkly sin, by Satire kept in awe,  
And shrink from Ridicule, though not from Law.

Such is the force of wit ! but not belong  
To me the arrows of satiric song ;  
The royal vices of our age demand  
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.

Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,  
And yield at least amusement in the race :  
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,  
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game :  
Speed Pegasus !---ye strains of great and small,  
Ode ! Epic ! Elegy !---have at you all !  
I, too, can scrawl, and once upon a time  
I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,  
A school-boy freak, unworthy praise or blame :  
I printed---older children do the same.  
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print :  
A Book's a Book, although there's nothing in't.  
Not that a Title's sounding charm can save  
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal grave ;  
This *Lambe* must own, since his Patrician name  
Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame\*.

---

\* This ingenious youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.



No matter, George continues still to write\*,  
Though now the name is veil'd from public sight.  
Moved by the great example, I pursue  
The self-same road, but make my own review ;  
Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet, like him, will be  
Self-constituted Judge of Poesy.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade  
Save Censure, Critics all are ready-made.  
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,  
With just enough of learning to misquote ;  
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,  
A turn for punning---call it Attic salt ;  
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,  
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet.  
Fear not to lie---'twill seem a lucky hit,  
Shrink not from blasphemy---'twill pass for wit ;  
Care not for feeling---pass your proper jest,  
And stand a Critic, hated yet caress'd.

---

\* In the Edinburgh Review.

And shall we own such judgment? no! as soon  
 Seek roses in December--ice in June;  
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;  
 Believe a woman, or an epitaph,  
 Or any other thing that's false, before  
 You trust in Critics, who themselves are sore;  
 Or yield one single thought to be misled  
 By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bœotian head\*.

To these young tyrants†, by themselves misplaced,  
 Combined usurpers on the Throne of Taste;  
 To these when Authors bend in humble awe,  
 And hail their voice as Truth, their word as Law;  
 While these are Censors, 'twould be sin to spare;  
 While such are Critics, why should I forbear?

\* Messrs. Jeffrey and Lambe are the Alpha and Omega, the first and last, of the Edinburgh Review: the others are mentioned hereafter.

† “Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique

—occurras perituræ parcere chartæ.”—JUV. SAT. 1.

But yet so near all modern worthies run;  
 'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun;  
 Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike;  
 Our Bards and Censors are so much alike:

Then should you ask me\*, why I venture o'er  
 The path that Pope and Gifford trod before?  
 If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed;  
 Go on---my rhyme will tell you as you read:

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days  
 Ignoble themes obtained mistaken praise,  
 When Sense and Wit with Poesy allied,  
 No fabled Graces, flourish'd side by side,  
 From the same fount their inspiration drew,  
 And, rear'd by Taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.

---

\*. IMITATION.

"Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere campo

"Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus:

"Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam."

JUVENAL, SAT. I.

Then, in this happy Isle, a Pope's pure strain  
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain;  
A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,  
And raised the people's, as the poet's fame!  
Like him great Dryden poured the tide of song,  
In stream less smooth indeed, yet doubly strong.  
Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or Otway's  
    melt,  
For Nature then an English audience felt.  
But why these names, or greater still, retrace,  
When all to feebler bards resign their place?  
Yet to such times our lingering looks are cast,  
When Taste and Reason with those times are past.  
Now look around, and turn each trifling page,  
Survey the precious works that please the age;  
This truth, at least, let Satire's self allow,  
No dearth of Bards can be complain'd of now:  
The loaded press beneath her labour groans,  
And Printers' Devils shake their weary bones,  
While Southey's Epics cram the creaking shelves,  
And Little's Lyrics shine in hot-pressed twelves.

Thus saith the Preacher\*, "Nought beneath the sun  
Is new;" yet still from change to change we run.  
What varied wonders tempt us as they pass!  
The Cow-pox, Tractors, Galvanism, and Gas,  
In turns appear to make the vulgar stare,  
Till the swoln bubble bursts---and all is air!  
Nor less new schools of Poetry arise,  
Where dull pretenders grapple for the prize:  
O'er Taste awhile these pseudo-bards prevail;  
Each country Book-club bows the knee to Baal,  
And, hurling lawful Genius from the throne,  
Erects a shrine and idol of its own;  
Some leaden calf---but whom it matters not,  
From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott†.

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,  
For notice eager, pass in long review;

---

\* Ecclesiastes, chap. i.

† Stott; better known in the Morning Post by the name of HAFIZ. This person is at present the most profound explorer of



Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,  
 And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race;  
 Sonnets on Sonnets crowd, and Ode on Ode;  
 And Tales of Terror jostle on the road;  
 Immeasurable measure moves along,  
 For simpering folly loves a varied song,  
 To strange mysterious Dulness still the friend,  
 Admires the strain she cannot comprehend.  
 Thus Lays of Minstrels\*---may they be the last!--  
 On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast,

---

the Bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special Ode of Master Stott's beginning thus—

(Stott *loquitur*; *quoad* Hibernia.)

“Princely offspring of Braganza,

“Erin greets thee with a stanza,” &c. &c.

Also a Sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject; and a most thundering Ode, commencing as follows—

“O! for a lay, loud as the surge

“That lashes Lapland's sounding shore.”

Lord have mercy on us! “The Lay of the Last Minstrel” was nothing to this.

\* See “The Lay of the Last Minstrel,” *passim*. Never was any

While mountain spirits prate to river sprites,  
That dames may listen to the sound at nights;  
And goblin brats of Gilpin Horner's brood  
Decoy young Border-nobles through the wood,

---

plan so incongruous and absurd as the ground work of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning prologuising to Baye's Tragedy, unfortunately, takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell, in the first canto. Then we have the amirble William of Deloraine, "a stark moss-trooper," *videlicet*, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not to read, can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, "'twas his neck-verse at hairibee," *i. e.* the gallows.

The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are 'chef d'œuvres' in the improvement of taste. For incident, we have the invisible, but by no means sparing box on the ear, bestowed on the Page, and the entrance of a Knight and Charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to

And skip at every step---Lord knows how high,  
And frighten foolish babes---the Lord knows why;  
While high-born Ladies in their magic cell,  
Forbidding Knights to read who cannot spell,  
Dispatch a courier to a wizards grave,  
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,  
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,  
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,  
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,  
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace,  
A mighty mixture of the great and base.

---

read and write. The Poem was manufactured for Messrs. Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money; and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genus, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter ballad imitations.



And think'st thou, *Scott!* by vain conceit perchance,  
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,  
Though Murray with his Miller may combine  
To yield thy Muse just half-a-crown per line?  
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,  
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.  
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,  
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame:  
Low may they sink to merited contempt,  
And scorn remunerate the vain attempt!  
Such be their meed, such still the just reward  
Of prostituted Muse, and hireling Bard;  
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,  
And bid a long "good night to Marmion\*."

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now;  
These are the Bards to whom the Muse must bow:

---

\* "Good night to Marmion!" the pathetic, and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,  
Resign their hallow'd bays to *Walter Scott*.

The time has been, when yet the Muse was young,  
When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro sung,  
An Epic scarce ten centuries could claim,  
While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic name:  
The work of each immortal Bard appears  
The single wonder of a thousand years\*.  
Empires have mouldered from the face of earth,  
Tongues have expired with those who gave them birth,  
Without the glory such a strain can give,  
As even in ruin bids the language live.

---

\* As the "Odyssey" is so closely connected with the story of the "Iliad," they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the "Paradise Lost," and "Gierusalemme Liberata," as their standard efforts, since neither the "Jerusalem Conquered" of the Italian, nor the "Paradise Regained" of the English Bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which of Mr. Southey's will survive?

Not so with us, though minor Bards, content,  
On one great work a life of labour spent;  
With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,  
Behold the Ballad-monger *Southey* rise!  
To him let Camoens, Milton, Tasso, yield,  
Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.  
First in the rank, see Joan of Arc advance,  
The scourge of England, and the boast of France!  
Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a witch,  
Behold her statue placed in Glory's niche;  
Her fetters burst, and just released from prison,  
A virgin Phoenix from her ashes risen.  
Next, see tremendous Thalaba come on \*,  
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son ;

---

\* "Thalaba," Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. "Joan of Arc" was marvellous enough, but "Thalaba" was one of those poems which, in the words of Porson, "will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten," but—*not till then*.

Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew  
More mad magicians than the world e'er knew.  
Immortal hero ! all thy foes o'ercome,  
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb !  
Since startled metre fled before thy face,  
Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy race !  
Well might triumphant Genii bear thee hence,  
Illustrious conqueror of common sense !  
Now, last and greatest Madoc spreads his sails,  
Cacique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales ;  
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,  
More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.  
Oh ! Southey, Southey \* ! cease thy varied song !  
A Bard may chaunt too often and too long :

---

\* We beg Mr. Southey's pardon : " Madoc " " disdains the degraded title of Epic." See his Preface. Why is Epic degraded ? and by whom ? Certainly the late Romaunts of Masters Cottle, Laureat Pye, Ogilvy, Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the Epic Muse ; but, as Mr. Southey's Poem " disdains the appellation," allow us to ask, Has he substituted any thing better

As thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare !  
 A fourth, alas ! were more than we could bear.  
 But if, in spite of all the world can say,  
 Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way ;  
 If still in Berkley ballads most uncivil,  
 Thou wilt devote old women to the devil \*,  
 The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue ;  
 “ God help thee,” Southey, and thy readers too †.  
 The gibbet or the field prepared to grace,  
 A mighty mixture of the great and base.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,  
 That mild apostate from poetic rule,

---

in its stead ? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore in the quantity as well as quality of his verse ?

\* See “ The Old Woman of Berkley,” a Ballad by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentlewoman is carried away by Beelzebub, “ on a high-trotting horse.”

† The last line, “ God help thee !” is an evident plagiarism from the Anti-Jacobin to Mr. Southey, on his Dactyls :—

“ God help thee, silly one.”

POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN, p. 23.



The simple *Wordsworth*, framer of a lay  
 As soft as evening in his favourite May,  
 Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble,  
 And quit his books for fear of growing double\*!"  
 Who, both by precept and example, shows  
 That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose †,  
 Convincing all by demonstration plain,  
 Poetic souls delight in prose insane;  
 And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme,  
 Contain the essence of the true sublime :

---

\* "Lyrical Ballads," page 4—"The Tables Turned," Stanza 1.

"Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks :

"Why all this toil and trouble ?

"Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,

"Or surely you'll grow double."

† Mr. W. in his Preface, labours hard to prove, that prose and verse are much the same ; and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable.

"And thus to Betty's question he

"Made answer, like a traveller bold,

"The cock did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,

"And the sun did shine so cold,"

Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,  
The idiot mother of "an idiot boy,"  
A moon-struck silly lad who lost his way,  
And, like his Bard, confounded night with day,  
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,  
And each adventure so sublimely tells,  
That all who view the "idiot in his glory,"  
Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle *Coleridge* pass unnoticed here,  
To turgid ode, and tumid stanza dear?  
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,  
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.  
If Inspiration should her aid refuse  
To him who takes a Pixy for a muse\*,  
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass  
The Bard who soars to elegize an ass.

---

\* "Coleridge's Poems," p. 11—"Songs of the Pixies," *i. e.* Devonshire Fairies;) p. 42, we have, "Lines to a Young Lady;" and p. 52, "Lines to a Young Ass."

How well the subject suits his noble mind !

“ A fellow feeling makes us wond’rous kind.”

Oh ! wonder-working *Lewis* ! Monk or Bard,  
 Who fain would make Parnassus a church-yard,  
 Lo ! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,  
 Thy Muse a sprite, Apollo’s sexton thou !  
 Whether on ancient tombs thou tak’st thy stand,  
 By gibb’ring spectres hail’d, thy kindred band ;  
 Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,  
 To please the females of our modest age,  
 All hail, M. P.\* ! from whose infernal brain  
 Thin-sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly train ;  
 At whose command “grim women” throng in crowds,  
 And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,  
 With “small greymen,” “wild yagers,” and what not,  
 To crown with honour, thee, and *Walter Scott* :

---

\*. “ For every one knows little Mat’s an M. P.”—See a Poem to Mr. Lewis, in “ The Statesman,” supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.



Again all hail ! if tales like thine may please,  
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease ;  
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,  
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who, in soft guise, surrounded by a choir  
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,  
With sparkling eyes, and cheeks by passion flush'd,  
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are hush'd ?  
'Tis *Little!* young Catullus of his day,  
As sweet, but as immoral in his lay.  
Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be just,  
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.  
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns ;  
From grosser incense with disgust she turns ;  
Yet, kind to you, this expiation o'er,  
She bids thee " mend thy line, and sin no more."

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,  
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,

Hibernian *Strangford* ! with thine eyes of blue\*,  
And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,  
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick Miss admires,  
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,  
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sense,  
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.  
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,  
By dressing Camoens in a suit of lace†?  
Mend, *Strangford* ! mend thy morals and thy taste ;  
Be warm, but pure—be amorous, but be chaste :  
Cease to deceive ; thy pilfered harp restore,  
Nor teach the Lusian Bard to copy Moore.

In many marble-covered volumes view  
*Hayley*, in vain attempting something new ;

---

\* The reader, who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to "*Strangford's Camoens*," p. 127, note to p. 56, or to the last page of the *Edinburgh Review of Strangford's Camoens*.

† It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as "*Poems of Camoens*," are no more to be found in the original Portuguese, than in the *Song of Solomon*.

Whether he spin his comedies in rhyme,  
 Or scrawl, as Wood and Barclay walk, 'gainst time,  
 His style in youth or age is still the same—  
 For ever feeble and for ever tame.  
 Triumphant first see “Temper’s Triumphs” shine;  
 At least I’m sure they triumph’d over mine.  
 Of “Music’s Triumphs,” all who read may swear  
 That luckless Music never triumphed there\*.

Moravians rise! bestow some meet reward  
 On dull Devotion—lo! the Sabbath Bard,  
 Sepulchral *Grahame*, pours his notes sublime,  
 In mangled prosè, nor e’en aspires to rhyme,

---

\* Hayley’s two most notorious verse productions are, “Triumphs of Temper,” and “Triumphs of Music.” He has also written much comedy in rhyme, epistles, &c. &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope’s advice to Wycherley to Mr. H.’s consideration; viz. “to convert his poetry into prose,” which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,  
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;  
And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,  
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms\*.

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings  
A thousand visions of a thousand things,  
And shows, dissolved in thine own melting tears,  
The maudling Prince, of mournful Sonnetteers.  
And art thou not their Prince, harmonious *Bowles*,  
Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?  
Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief,  
Or consolation in a yellow leaf;  
Whether thy Muse most lamentably tells  
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells†,

---

\* Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of "Sabbath Walks," and "Biblical Pictures."

† See "Bowles's Sonnets," &c. — "Sonnet to Oxford," and "Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend."

Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend  
In every chime that jingled from Ostend ?  
Ah ! how much juster where thy Muse's hap,  
If to thy bells thou would'st but add a cap !  
Delightful Bowles ! still blessing, and still blest,  
All love thy strain, but children like it best.  
'Tis thine, with gentle Little's moral song,  
To soothe the mania of the amorous throng !  
With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears,  
Ere Miss, as yet, completes her infant years :  
But in her teens thy whining powers are vain ;  
She quits poor Bowles, for Little's purer strain.  
Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine  
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine :  
“ Awake a louder and a loftier strain \*, ”  
Such as none heard before, or will again ;  
Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood,  
Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,

---

\* “ Awake a louder,” &c. is the first line in Bowles's “ Spirit of



By more or less, are sung in every book,  
 From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook.  
 Nor this alone, but pausing on the road,  
 The Bard sighs forth a gentle episode;  
 And gravely tells\*---attend, each beauteous Miss---  
 When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.  
 Bowles! in thy memory, let this precept dwell,  
 Stick to thy Sonnets, man! at least they sell.  
 But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe,  
 Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe,  
 If 'chance some Bard, though once by dunces fear'd,  
 Now prone in dust, can only be revered;

---

Discovery;" a very spirited and pretty dwarf Epic. Among other exquisite lines, we have the following:—

"——— A kiss

" Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet

" Here heard; they trembled even as if the power," &c.

That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss, very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.

\* The Episode above alluded to, is the story of "Robert a Machin, and Anna d'Árfet," a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above-mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.

If Pope, whose fame and genius from the first  
Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the worst,  
Do thou essay ; each fault, each failing scan--  
The first of poets was, alas ! but man !  
Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl,  
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll\* ;  
Let all the scandals of a former age,  
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page ;  
Affect a candour which thou canst not feel,  
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal ;  
Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire,  
And do from hate, what Mallet† did for hire.

---

\* Curll is one of the heroes of the *Dunciad*, and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord Hervey, author of "Lines to the Imitator of Horace."

† Lord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the Poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke (*THE PATRIOT KING*,) which that splendid, but malignant genius, had ordered to be destroyed.

Oh ! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,  
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme\*,  
Throng'd with the rest around his living head,  
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead,  
A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious gains,  
And linked thee to the Dunciad for thy pains†.

Another Epic ! who inflicts again  
More books of blank upon the sons of men ?  
Bœotian *Cottle*, rich Bristowa's boast,  
Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast,  
And sends his goods to market---all alive !  
Lines forty thousand, Cantos twenty-five !

---

\* Dennis the critic, and Ralph the rhymester.

“ Silence, ye wolves ! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,

“ Making night hideous ; answer him, ye owls !—DUNCIAD.

† See Bowles's late edition of Pope's Works, for which he received three hundred pounds : thus Mr. B. has experienced, how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.



Fresh fish from Helicon ! who'll buy ? who'll buy ?  
The precious bargain's cheap—in faith, not I.  
Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight,  
Too much o'er bowls of rack prolong the night ;  
If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain ;  
And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.  
In him an author's luckless lot behold !  
Condemn'd to make the books which once he sold.  
Oh, Amos Cottle !—Phœbus ! what a name  
To fill the speaking trump of future fame !—  
Oh, Amos Cottle ! for a moment think  
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink !  
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,  
Who will persue thy prostituted reams ?  
Oh ! pen perverted ! paper misapplied !  
Had Cottle\* still adorned the counter's side,

---

\* Mr. Cottle, Amos, or Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of Epics ; ALFRED

Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,  
Been taught to make the paper which he soils,  
Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,  
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.

As Sisypheus against the infernal steep,  
Rolls the huge rock, whose motions ne'er may sleep,  
So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond! heaves  
Dull *Maurice*\* all his granite weight of leaves:  
Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain;  
The petrifications of a plodding brain,  
That, ere they reach the top, fall lumbering back again.

With broken lyre, and cheek serenely pale,  
Lo, sad Alcæus wanders down the vale!

---

—(poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too!—ALFRED, and “The Fall of Cambria.”

\* Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of “Richmond Hill,” and the

Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at last  
 His hopes have perished by the Northern blast ;  
 Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,  
 His blossoms wither as the blast prevails !  
 O'er his lost works let *classic* Sheffield weep :  
 May no rude hand disturb their early sleep\* !

Yet, say, why should the Bard at once resign  
 His claim to favour from the sacred Nine !  
 For ever startled by the mingled howl  
 Of Northern wolves, that still in darkness prowl ;  
 A coward brood, which mangle as their prey,  
 By hellish instinct, all that cross their way :

---

like. It also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford Old and New, and the parts adjacent.

\* Poor Montgomery, though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. After all, the Bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius: his "Wanderer of Switzerland" is worth a thousand "Lyrical Ballads," and at least fifty "degraded Epics."

Aged or young, the living or the dead,  
No mercy find---these harpies must be fed.  
Why do the injured unresisting yield  
The calm possession of their native field ?  
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,  
Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to Arthur's seat\*?

Health to immortal *Jeffrey*! once, in name,  
England could boast a judge almost the same;  
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,  
Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,  
And given the Spirit to the world again,  
To sentence Letters, as he sentenced men.  
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,  
With voice as willing to decree the rack ;  
Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law  
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw ;

---

\* Arthur's seat ; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

Since well instructed in the Patriot school  
To rail at party, though a party tool,  
Who knows? if chance his patrons should restore  
Back to the sway they forfeited before,  
His scribbling toils some recompence may meet,  
And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat.  
Let Jeffrey's Shade indulge the pious hope,  
And greeting thus, present him with a rope ;  
“ Heir to my virtues ! man of equal mind !  
“ Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,  
“ This cord receive ! for thee reserved with care,  
“ To wield in judgment, and at length to wear.”

Health to great Jeffrey ! Heav'n preserve his life,  
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,  
And guard it sacred in its future wars,  
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars !  
Can none remember that eventful day,  
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,



When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,  
 And Bow-street Myrmidons stood laughing by\*?  
 Oh! day disastrous! on her firm-set rock,  
 Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;  
 Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,  
 Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the North;  
 Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear;  
 The other half pursued its calm career †;  
 Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,  
 The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;  
 The Tolbooth felt--for marble sometimes can,  
 On such occasions, feel as much as man--

---

\* In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much wagery in the daily prints.

† The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

The Tolbooth felt defrauded of her charms,  
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms \* :  
Nay, last, not least, on that portentous morn  
The sixteenth story where himself was born,  
His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,  
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound :  
Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,  
Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams ;  
This of his candour seemed the sable dew,  
That of his valour shewed the bloodless hue,  
And all with justice deem'd the two combined  
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.

---

\* This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh,) which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

But Caledonia's Goddess hovered o'er  
The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore;  
From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,  
And straight restored it to her favourite's head.  
That head, with greater than magnetic power,  
Caught it, as Danae caught the golden shower,  
And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,  
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.  
“ My son,” she cried, “ ne'er thirst for gore  
again,  
“ Resign the pistol, and resume the pen ;  
“ O'er politics and poesy preside,  
“ Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide !  
“ For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,  
“ Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,  
“ So long shall last thine unmolested reign,  
“ Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.  
“ Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan  
“ And own thee chieftain of the Critic clan.

" First in the ranks illustrious shall be seen  
 " The travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen\*.  
 " Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer†, and sometimes  
 " In gratitude thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes.  
 " Smug Sydney‡, too, thy bitter page shall seek;  
 " And classic Hallam§, much renown'd for Greek.

---

\* His lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and Reviewer of Gell's "Topography of Troy."

† Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a "Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer;" the translation is a pleasant chaunt in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus:—

" Instead of money and rings, I wot,

" The hammer's bruises were her lot,

" Thus Odin's son his hammer got."

‡ The Rev. Sydney Smith, the reputed author of "Peter Plymley's Letters," and sundry criticisms.

§ Mr. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's "Taste," and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein: it was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's, till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity.



“ Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,  
“ And paltry Pillans\* shall traduce his friend.  
“ While gay Thalia’s luckless votary, Lambe†,  
“ As he himself was damned, shall try to damn.  
“ Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!  
“ Thy Holland’s banquets shall each toil repay;  
“ While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes  
“ To Holland’s hirelings, and to Learning’s foes.

---

The said Hallam is incensed, because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dineth at Holland House. If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his Lordship’s feasts are preferable to his compositions. If he did not review Lord Holland’s performance, I am glad, because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text; provided nevertheless the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse; till then, Hallam must stand, for want of a better.

\* Pillans is a tutor at Eton.

† The Honourable G. Lambe reviewed Beresford’s “Miseries,” and is moreover author of a farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and damned with great expedition at the late Theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled “Whistle for it.”



“ Yet mark one caution, ere thy next Review  
 “ Spreads its light wings of Saffron and of Blue,  
 “ Beware lest blundering Brougham \* destroy the sale,  
 “ Turn Beef to Bannocks, Cauliflowers to Kail.”

Thus having said, the kilted Goddess kist  
 Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist †.

Illustrious *Holland* ! hard would be his lot,  
 His hirelings mentioned, and himself forgot !

---

\* Mr. Brougham, in No. 25. of the Edinburgh Review, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy ; many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.

It seems that Mr. Brougham is not a Pict, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced BROOM, from Trent to Tay :—So be it.

† I ought to apologize to the worthy Deities for introducing a new goddess with short petticoats to their notice : but, alas ! what was to be done ? I could not say Caledonia's Genius, it being well known there is no Genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness ; yet, without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved ?

Holland, with Henry Petty at his back,  
The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.  
Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,  
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!  
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,  
Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.  
See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,  
Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,  
And, grateful to the founder of the feast,  
Declare his landlord can translate at least\*.  
Dunedin! view thy children with delight,  
They write for food, and feed because they write:

---

The national "Kelpies," &c. are too unpoetical, and the "Brownies," and "gude neighbours" (spirits of a good disposition,) refused to extricate him. A goddess therefore has been called for the purpose; and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.

\* Lord H. has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his *Life of the Author*: both are bepraised by his DISINTERESTED guests.

And lest, when heated with the unusual grape,  
Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,  
And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,  
My lady skims the cream of each critique;  
Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,  
Reforms each error, and refines the whole\*.

Now to the Drama turn—oh, motley sight!  
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!  
Puns, and a Prince within a barrel pent†,  
And *Dibdin's* nonsense, yield complete content.  
Though now, thank Heav'n, the Roscio-mania's o'er  
And full-grown actors are endured once more;  
Yet, what avail their vain attempts to please,  
While British critics suffer scenes like these?

---

\* Certain it is, her ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review: however that may be, we know from good authority, that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt, for correction.

† In the melo-drama of "Tekeli," that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage; a new asylum for distressed heroes.

While *Reynolds* vents his "dammas," "poohs," and  
 "zounds\*,"  
 And common place and common sense confounds?  
 While *Kenny's* World just suffered to proceed,  
 Proclaims the audience very kind indeed?  
 And Beaumont's pilfered Caratach affords  
 A tragedy complete in all but words †?  
 Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,  
 The degradation of our vaunted stage?  
 Heav'ns! is all sense of shame, and talent gone?  
 Have we no living bard of merit?—none?  
 Awake, *George Coleman, Cumberland*, awake!  
 Ring the alarum bell; let folly quake!—

\* All these are favourite expressions of Mr. R. and prominent in his comedies, living and defunct.

† Mr. T. Sheridan, the new Manager of Drury Lane Theatre, stripped the tragedy of "Bonduca" of the Dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of "Caractacus."—Was this worthy of his sire, or of himself?

Oh, *Sheridan*! if aught can move thy pen,  
Let Comedy resume her throne again,  
Abjure the mummery of German schools,  
Leave new Pizarros to translating fools ;  
Give, as thy last memorial to the age,  
One classic drama, and reform the stage.  
Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head,  
Where Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread ?  
On those shall Farce display buffoonery's mask,  
And *Hook* conceal his heroes in a cask ?  
Shall sapient managers new scenes produce  
From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose ?  
While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger, forgot,  
On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot ?  
Lo ! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim  
The rival candidates for Attic fame !  
In grim array though *Lewis*' spectres rise,  
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize.  
And sure *great Skeffington* must claim our praise,  
For skirtless coats, and skeletons of plays



Renown'd alike ; whose genius ne'er confines  
 Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs \* ;  
 Nor sleeps with " Sleeping Beauties," but anon  
 In five facetious acts comes thundering on †,  
 While poor John Bull, bewildered with the scene,  
 Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean ;  
 But, as some hands applaud---a venal few !  
 Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too. 440

Such are we now---ah ! wherefore should we turn  
 To what our fathers were, unless to mourn ?  
 Degenerate Britons ! are ye dead to shame,  
 Or, kind to dulness, do ye fear to blame ?  
 Well may the nobles of our present race  
 Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face ;

\* Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, scene painter to Drury Lane Theatre—as such, Mr. S. is much indebted to him.

† Mr. S. is the illustrious author of " The Sleeping Beauty," and some comedies, particularly " Maids and Bachelors,"—*Baculaurii baculo magis quam lauro digni.*

Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,  
And worship Catalani's pantaloons\*,  
Since their own Drama yields no fairer trace  
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art,  
To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,  
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,  
To sanction vice, and hunt decorum down :  
Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,  
And bless the promise which his form displays ;  
While Gayton bounds before the enraptured looks  
Of hoary Marquises and stripling Dukes :  
Let high-born lechers eye the lively Presle,  
Twirl her light limbs that spurn the needless veil ;

---

\* Naldi and Catalani require little notice ; for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds ; besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the lady's appearance in trowsers.

Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,  
 Wave the white arm, and point the pliant toe ;  
 Collini trill her love-inspiring song,  
 Strain her fair neck, and charm the listening throng !  
 Raise not your scythe, Suppressors of our Vice !  
 Reforming Saints ! too delicately nice !  
 By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,  
 No Sunday tankards foam, no Barbers shave ;  
 And beer undrawn, and beards unmown, display  
 Your holy rev'rence for the Sabbath day.

Or, hail at once the patron and the pile  
 Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyll\*!

---

\* To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state, that it is the Institution, and not the Duke of that name, which is here alluded to.

A gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyll Rooms several thousand pounds at backgammon. It is but justice to the manager, in this instance, to say, that some degree of disapprobation was manifested ; but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both

Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hallowed fane,  
Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,  
Behold the new Petronius\* of the day,  
The Arbiter of pleasure and of play!  
There the hired Eunuch, the Hesperian choir,  
The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,  
The song from Italy, the step from France,  
The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,  
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,  
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords combine;  
Each to his humour---Comus all allows:  
Champagne, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse.

---

sexes? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blest or cursed with such connexions, to hear the billiard tables rattling in one room, and the dice in another? That this is the case, I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an Institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and a fiddle, without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour.

\* Petronius, "Arbiter elegantiarum" to Nero, and "a very pretty fellow in his day," as Mr. Congreve's Old Bachelor saith.

Talk not to us, ye starving Sons of Trade !  
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made ;  
In plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,  
Nor think of Poverty, except " en masque,"  
When for the night some lately titled ass  
Appears the beggar which his grandsire was.  
The curtain dropp'd, the gay Burletta o'er,  
The audience take their turn upon the floor ;  
Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep,  
Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap ;  
The first in lengthened line majestic swim,  
The last display the free, unfetter'd limb :  
Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair  
With art the charms which Nature could not spare ;  
These after husbands wing their eager flight,  
Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh! blest retreats of infamy and ease!  
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,



Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,  
Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught:  
There the blithe youngster, just return'd from Spain,  
Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;  
The jovial Caster's set, and seven's the nick,  
Or---Done!---a thousand on the coming trick!  
If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,  
And all your hope or wish is to expire,  
Here's Powell's pistol ready for your life,  
And, kinder still, a Paget for your wife;  
Fit consummation of an earthly race,  
Begun in folly, ended in disgrace,  
While none but menials o'er the bed of death,  
Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath;  
Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,  
The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,  
To live like Clodius\*, and like Falkland† fall.

---

\* " Mutato nomine de te  
Fabula narratur."

† I knew the late Lord Falkland well. On Sunday night I

Truth! rousesome genuine Bard, and guide, his hand  
To drive this pestilence from out the land.  
Even I--least thinking of a thoughtless throng,  
Just skill'd to know the right and chuse the wrong,  
Freed at that age when Reason's shield is lost,  
To fight my course through Passion's countless host,  
Whom every path of pleasure's flowery way  
Has lured in turn, and all have led astray--  
E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel  
Such scenes, such men destroy the public weal;  
Although some kind, censorious friend will say,  
"What art thou better, meddling fool, than they?"

---

beheld him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday morning, at three o'clock, I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer; his faults were the faults of a sailor—as such, Britons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause; for had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last moments would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes.

And every Brother Rake will smile to see  
That miracle, a Moralist in me.  
No matter---when some Bard, in virtue strong,  
*Gifford* perchance, shall raise the chastening song,  
Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice  
Be only heard to hail him and rejoice---  
Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I  
May feel the lash that virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals,  
From silly *Hafiz*\* up to simple *Bowles*,  
Why should we call them from their dark abode,  
In broad St. Giles's or in Tottenham Road?  
Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare  
To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the Square?

---

\* What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, Hafiz, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz, where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the Oriental Homer and Catullus, and behold his name assumed by one Stott of Dromore, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the daily prints?

If things of ton their harmless lays indite,  
Most wisely doomed to shun the public sight,  
What harm? in spite of every critic elf,  
Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;  
*Miles Andrews* still his strength in couplets try,  
And live in prologues, though his dramas die.  
Lords too are Bards, such things at times befall,  
And 'tis some praise in Peers to write at all.  
Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,  
Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?  
Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,  
No future laurels deck a noble head;  
No Muse will cheer with renovating smile,  
The paralytic puling of *Carlisle*:  
The puny School-boy and his early lay  
Men pardon, if his follies pass away;  
But who forgives the Senior's ceaseless verse,  
Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow  
worse?

What heterogenous honours deck the Peer!  
Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer\*!  
So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,  
His scenes alone had damned our sinking stage;  
But Managers for once cried, "Hold, enough!"  
Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff.  
Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,  
And case his volumes in congenial calf;  
Yes! doff that covering where Morocco shines,  
And hang a calf-skin† on those recreant lines.

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,  
Who daily scribble for your daily bread;

---

\* The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen penny pamphlet on the state of the Stage, and offers his plan for building a new Theatre: it is to be hoped his Lordship will be permitted to bring forward any thing for the stage, except his own tragedies.

† "——Doff that lion's hide,

"And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

SHAK. KING JOHN.



With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand  
Has crushed, without remorse, your numerous band.  
On "all the Talents" vent your venal spleen,  
Want your defence, let Pity be your screen;  
Let Monodies on Fox regale your crew,  
And Melville's Mantle\* prove a blanket too!  
One common Lethe waits each hapless Bard,  
And peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.  
Such damning fame as Dunciads only give  
Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;  
But now at once your fleeting labours close,  
With names of greater note in blest repose.  
Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid  
The lovely *Rosa's* prose in masquerade,

---

Lord C.'s works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves:

"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

\* Melville's Mantle, a parody on "Elijah's Mantle," a poem.

Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,  
Leave wondering comprehension far behind \*.  
Though *Bell* has lost his nightingale and owls,  
*Matilda* snivells still, and *Hafiz* howls,  
And *Crusca's* spirit, rising from the dead,  
Revives in *Laura*, *Quiz*, and X. Y. Z †.

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall,  
Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,  
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,  
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the Muse,  
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!  
How ladies read! and literati laud!

---

\* This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew K—, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca School, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the "Monk."

† These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,  
'Tis sheer ill-nature; don't the world know best?  
Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,  
And Capel Lofft\* declares 'tis quite sublime.  
Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!  
Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade!  
Lo! Burns and Bloomfield, nay, a greater far,  
Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,  
Forsook the labours of a servile state,  
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over Fate:  
Then why no more? if Phoebus smiled on you,  
*Bloomfield!* why not on brother *Nathan* too?  
Him too the Mania, not the Muse, has seized;  
Not inspiration, but a mind diseased:

---

\* Capel Lofft, Esq. the Mæcenas of Shoemakers, and Preface-writer general to distressed verse-men; a kind of gratis Accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring it forth.

And now no Boor can seek his last abode,  
No common be enclosed, without an ode\*.  
Oh! since increased refinement deigns to smile  
On Britain's sons, and bless our genial Isle,  
Let Poesy go forth, pervade the whole,  
Alike the rustic and mechanic soul;  
Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,  
Compose at once a slipper and a song;  
So shall the fair your handy-work peruse,  
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.  
May Moorland † weavers boast Pindaric skill,  
And taylors' lays be longer than their bill!  
While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,  
And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

---

\* See Nathaniel Bloomfield's Ode, Elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosure of "Honington Green."

† Vide "Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire."

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,  
Neglected Genius! let me turn to you.  
Come forth, oh *Campbell*\*! give thy talents scope;  
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?  
And thou, melodious *Rogers*! rise at last,  
Recall the pleasing memory of the past;  
Arise? let blest remembrance still inspire,  
And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lyre;  
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,  
Assert thy country's honour and thine own.  
What! must deserted Poesy still weep  
Where her lost hopes with pious *Cowper* sleep?  
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,  
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, *Burns*!

---

\* It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the author of "The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Pleasures of Hope;" the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's "Essay on Man:" but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange.



No ! though contempt hath marked the spurious brood,  
 The race who rhyme from folly, or for food ;  
 Yet still some genuine sons 'tis her's to boast,  
 Who least affecting, still affect the most ;  
 Feel as they write, and write but as they feel---  
 Bear witness, *Gifford, Sotheby, Macneil*\*.  
 " Why slumbers Gifford ? " once was asked in vain † ;  
 Why slumbers Gifford ? let us ask again.  
 Are there no follies for his pen to purge ?  
 Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge ?

---

\* Gifford, author of the " Baviad " and " Mæviad," the first satires of the day, and translator of " Juvenal."

Sotheby, translator of " Wieland's Oberon," and " Virgil's Georgics," and author of " Saul," an epic poem.

Macneil, whose poems are deservedly popular, particularly " Scotland's Scaith," or the " Waes of War," of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

† Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the " Baviad " and " Mæviad " should not be his last original works : let him remember, " Mox in reluctantes Dracones."

Are there no sins for Satire's Bard to greet?  
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?  
Shall Peers or Princes tread pollution's path,  
And 'scape alike the Law's and Muse's wrath?  
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,  
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?  
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claim'd,  
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy *White*\*! while life was in its spring,  
And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,  
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair  
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.

---

\* Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,  
When Science 'self destroyed her favourite son !  
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,  
She sowed the seeds, but Death has reaped the fruit.  
'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,  
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low ;  
So the struck Eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart ;  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel,  
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest,  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be who say, in these enlightened days,  
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise ;  
That strain'd Invention, ever on the wing,  
Alone impels the modern Bard to sing :

'Tis true, that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,  
Shrink from that fatal word to Genius---Trite;  
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,  
And decorate the verse herself inspires:  
This fact, in Virtue's name, let *Crabbe* attest,  
Though Nature's sternest Painter, yet the best.

And here let *Shee*\* and Genius find a place,  
Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace:  
To guide whose hand the sister Arts combine,  
And trace the Poet's or the Painter's line;  
Whose magic touch can bid the canvas glow,  
Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow,  
While honours, doubly merited, attend  
The Poet's rival, but the Painter's friend.

---

\* Mr. Shee, author of "Rhymes on Art," and "Elements of Art."

Blest is the man, who dares approach the bower  
Where dwelt the Muses at their natal hour;  
Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar  
The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,  
The scenes which Glory still must hover o'er;  
Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore:  
But doubly blest is he whose heart expands  
With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands;  
Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,  
And views their remnants with a poet's eye!  
*Wright*\*! 'twas thy happy lot at once to view  
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;  
And sure no common Muse inspired thy pen  
To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

---

\* Mr. Wright, late Consul-general for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem just published: it is entitled "*Horæ Ionicæ*," and is descriptive of the isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.



And you, associate Bards\*! who snatch'd to light  
Those Gems too long withheld from modern sight :  
Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath  
Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,  
And all their renovated fragrance flung,  
To grace the beauties of your native tongue ;  
Now let those minds that nobly could transfuse  
The glorious spirit of the Grecian Muse,  
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrowed tone ;  
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,  
Restore the Muse's violated laws ;  
But not in flimsy *Darwin's* pompous chime,  
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme ;

---

\* The translators of the "Anthology," have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,  
The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear,  
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,  
But now, worn down, appear in native brass ;  
While all his train of hovering sylphs around  
Evaporate in similies and sound :  
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die :  
False glare attracts, but more offends the eye\*.

Yet let them not to vulgar *Wordsworth* stoop,  
The meanest object of the lowly group,  
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,  
Seems blessed harmony to *Lambe* and *Lloyd*† :  
Let them---but hold, my Muse, nor dare to teach  
A strain, far, far beyond thy humble reach ;

---

\* The neglect of "The Botanic Garden" is some proof of returning taste ; the scenery is its sole recommendation.

† Messrs. Lambe and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.

The native genius with their feeling given  
Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou, too, *Scott*\*! resign to minstrels rude,  
The wilden Slogan of a Border feud :  
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire ;  
Enough for Genius, if itself inspire !  
Let *Southey* sing, although his teeming muse,  
Prolific every spring, be too profuse ;  
Let simple *Wordsworth* chime his childish verse,  
And brother *Coleridge* lull the babe at nurse ;  
Let spectre-mongering *Lewis* aim, at most,  
To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost ;  
Let *Moore* be lewd ; let *Strangford* steal from *Moore*  
And swear that Camoens sang such notes of yore ;

---

\* By the bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem, his hero or heroine will be less addicted to 'Gramarye,' and more to Grammar, than the Lady of "The Lay" and her bravo, William of Deloraine:

Let *Hayley* hobble on, *Montgomery* rave;  
And godly *Grahame* chaunt a stupid stave;  
Let sonneteering *Bowles* his strains refine,  
And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line;  
*Let Stott, Carlisle\**, *Matilda*, and the rest,  
Of Grub-street and of Grosvenor-place the best,

---

\* It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it: but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burthen my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has, for a series of years, beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the Earl; no—his works come fairly in review with those of other Patrician Literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said any thing in favour of his Lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of

Scrawl on, 'till death release us from the strain,  
 Or Common Sense assert her rights again :  
 But Thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,  
 Shouldst leave to humbler Bards ignoble lays ;  
 Thy country's voice, the voice of all the Nine,  
 Demand a hallow'd harp---that harp is thine.  
 Say; will not Caledonia's annals yield,  
 The glorious record of some nobler field,  
 Than the vile foray of a plundering clan,  
 Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man ?  
 Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food

---

pronouncing my recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle: if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from Elegies, Eulogies, Odes, and certain facetious and dainty Tragedies bearing his name and mark:

“ What can ennoble knaves, or *fools*, or cowards?

“ Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!”

So says Pope. Amen!



For outlaw'd *Sherwood's* tales of Robin Hood?  
Scotland! still proudly claim thy native Bard,  
And be thy praise his first, his best reward!  
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,  
But own the vast renown a world can give;  
Be known perchance, when Albion is no more,  
And tell the tale of what she was before;  
To future times her faded fame recall,  
And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine Poet's hope,  
To conquer ages, and with Time to cope?  
New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,  
And other Victors\* fill the applauding skies;  
A few brief generations fleet along,  
Whose sons, forget the Poet and his song:  
E'en now, what once-loved Minstrels scarce may claim,  
The transient mention of a dubious name!

---

\* "Tollere humo, victorque virum, volitare per ora."—VIRGIL.

When Fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,  
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last,  
And glory, like the Phoenix midst her fires,  
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,  
Expert in science, more expert at puns?  
Shall these approach the Muse? ah, no! see flies,  
And even spurns the great Seatonian prize,  
Though Printers condescend the press to soil  
With rhyme by *Hoare*, and epic blank by *Hoyle*:  
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,  
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list\*.  
Ye! who in Granta's honours would surpass,  
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;

---

† "The Game of Hoyle," well known to the votaries of Whist, Chess, &c. are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "Plagues of Egypt."

A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,  
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There *Clarke*, still striving piteously "to please,"  
Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,  
A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,  
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,  
Condemn'd to drudge the meanest of the mean,  
And furnish falsehoods for a magazine,  
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind:  
Himself a living libel on mankind \*.

---

\* This person, who has lately betrayed the most rapid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated "The Art of Pleasing," as 'lucus a non lucendo,' containing little pleasantry, and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the Satirist. If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.

Oh dark asylum of a Vandal race \*!  
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace ;  
So sunk in dullness and so lost in shame,  
That *Smythe* and *Hodgson* † scarce redeem thy fame !

But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,  
The partial Muse delighted loves to lave,  
On her green banks a greener wreath is wove,  
To crown the Bards that haunt her classic grove,  
Where *Richards* wakes a genuine poet's fires,  
And modern Britons justly praise their Sires ‡.

---

\* " Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, vol. ii. p. 83. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion ; the breed it still in high perfection.

† This gentleman's name requires no praise ; the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius, may well be expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.

‡ " The Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem, by *Richards*.

For me, who thus unask'd have dared to tell  
My country, what her sons should know too well,  
Zeal for her honour bade me here engage  
The host of idiots that infest the age.  
No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,  
As first in Freedom, dearest to the Muse.  
Oh! would thy Bards but emulate thy fame,  
And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name!  
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,  
What Tyre appear'd in her meridian hour,  
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion, to have been,  
Earth's chief dictatress, Ocean's mighty queen :  
But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,  
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main ;  
Like these, thy strength may sink in ruin hurl'd,  
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.  
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,  
With warning ever scoffed at, till too late ;  
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,  
And urge thy Bards to gain a name like thine.



Then, hapless Britain ! be thy rulers blest,  
The senate's oracles, the people's jest !  
Still hear thy motley orators dispense  
The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,  
While *Canning's* colleagues hate him for his wit,  
And old dame *Portland* \* fills the place of  
*Pitt*.

Yet once again, adieu ! ere this the sail  
That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale ;  
And Afric's coast, and Calpe's † adverse height,  
And Stamboul's ‡ minarets must greet my sight:

---

\* A friend of mine being asked why his Grace of P. was likened to an old woman ? replied, " he supposed it was because he was past bearing."

† Calpe is the ancient name of Gibraltar.

‡ Stamboul is the Turkish word for Constantinople.

Thence shall I stray through Beauty's \* native clime,  
Where Kaff† is clad in rocks, and crown'd with snows  
sublime.

But should I back return, no letter'd rage  
Shall drag my common-place book on the stage:  
Let vain *Valentia*‡ rival luckless *Carr*,  
And equal him whose work he sought to mar;  
Let *Aberdeen* and *Elgin*§ still pursue  
The shade of Fame though regions of Vertu;  
Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,  
Misshapen monuments, and maimed antiques;

\* Georgia, remarkable for the beauty of its inhabitants.

† Mount Caucasus.

‡ Lord Valentia (whose tremendous travels are forthcoming with due decorations, graphical, topographical, and typographical) deposed, on Sir John Carr's unlucky suit, that Dubois's satire prevented his purchase of "The Stranger in Ireland."—Oh! fie my Lord! has your Lordship no more feeling for a fellow-tourist! but "two of a trade," they say, &c.

§ Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses in his stone shop, are the work of Phidias;—  
'Credat Judæus!'

And make their grand saloons a general mart  
For all the mutilated blocks of art ;  
Of Dardan tours let Dilettani tell,  
I leave topography to classic *Gell*\* ;  
And, quite content, no more shall interpose  
To stun mankind with Poesy or Prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,  
Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish fear :  
This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own---  
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown,  
My voice was heard again, though not so loud,  
My page, though nameless, never disavow'd ;  
And now at once I tear the veil away :---  
Cheer on the pack ! the quarry stands at bay,

---

\* Mr. Gell's "Topography of Troy and Ithaca" cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. G. conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.

Unscared by all the din of Melbourne House,  
By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,  
By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,  
Edina's brawny sons and brimstone page.

Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,  
And feel they too are "penetrable stuff:"

And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,  
Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.

The time has been, when no harsh sound would fall  
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall,  
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise

The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes;  
But now so callous grown, so changed since youth,  
I've learn'd to think and sternly speak the truth;  
Learn'd to deride the Critic's starch decree,

And break him on the wheel he meant for me;  
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,

Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss:

Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,

I too can hunt a Poetaster down;

And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once  
To Scotch marauder, and to Southern dunce.  
Thus much I've dared to do; how far my lay  
Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let others say:  
This let the world, which knows not how to spare,  
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.



## POSTSCRIPT.

---

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, unresisting Muse, whom they have already so bedeviled with their ungodly ribaldry:

“*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ!*”

I suppose I must say of Jeffrey as Sir Anthony Aguecheek saith, “An I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him.” What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus, before the next number has passed the Tweed. But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My Northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary Anthropophagus, Jeffrey; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by “lying and slandering,” and slake their thirst by “evil speaking?” I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey’s mind I have stated my free opinion; nor has he thence sustained any injury. What scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there “persons of honour and wit about town;” but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal; those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas! “the age of chivalry is over,” or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth yclept Hewson Clarke (Subaudi, Esquire,) a Sizer of Emanuel College, and I believe a Denizen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet: he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and, for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in the *Satirist*, for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name till coupled with the *Satirist*. He has, therefore, no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my Bear and my Book, except the editor of the *Satirist*, who it seems, is a gentleman, God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. Jerningham is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenas, Lord Carlisle: I hope not; he was one of the few, who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy, and whatever he may say or do, "pour on, I will endure." I have nothing farther to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publisher; and in the words of Scott, I wish

"To all and each a fair good night,

"And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

THE END.





Danae p 36

Readers Handbook Brewer

Dramas & Operas

Maids and Bachelors (1768-1850) Skeffington C

Sleeping Beauty 1805 Skeffington Pn

C Comedy

Pn Pantomime



